1:Franken et al M, G-5 (ca. 1913-1958) 1960
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5 These stones are reminiscent of the *watu kulumpang* of early Java: see Krom, *Geschiedenis*, 176. The *pura kaki dukun* is sometimes as called the *pusĕh kaki dukun*.

6 Similar tales are given in Van Eck, "Schetsen", IX, 117, and Powell, *Paradise*, 82.

7 See Van der Tuuk, *Woordenboek*, I, 300, and Damsté, "Oudheden", 72 f.

8 According to bronze epigraphs, in early times the name of the village was Tranganan: *cf.* Goris, *Prasasti*, II, 324.

9 A similar prohibition exists in the *Bali-aga desa* of Sĕmbiran: "Grondenrecht", 383.

10 The population of Tĕnganan at the time this study was made (1926) was as follows:

	Exclusive of Pandé Banjar		*Banjar of Pandé*	
Males				
Adults	180		69	
Children (1½+)	34		15	
Infants (<1½)	13		7	
All males		*227*		*91*
Females				
Adults	144		72	
Children (1½+)	26		20	
Infants (<1½)	18		5	
All females		*188*		*97*
Total population		*415*		*188*

11 It should be mentioned that the *pĕrbĕkĕl* I Panggu, a well-known *balian* in Tĕnganan, rejects the authority of the *usadas: cf.* Weck, *Heilkunde*, 29 f.

12 Data on these fabrics can be found in Nieuwenkamp, *Bali*, 206–213, while Damsté, "Weefsels", recounts the occasions at which *gĕringsing* cloths are used on Bali and mentions the miraculous powers attributed to them. The various stages in the weaving of Tĕnganan fabrics were demonstrated at an exhibition organized in August, 1927, at The Hague by the Society of Friends of Asian Art. On the use of Tĕnganan cloths by Sasaks on Lombok, see *Verslag*, 3 ff.

13 In point of fact, the Tĕngananese women prefer not to sell their products, and if they do sell them it is as a favour to the buyer.

14 See also Berg, *Traditie*, 50 n.

15 See Damsté, "Weefsels", 180 f.

16 For northern Bali see Moojen, *Kunst*, Plate XXIII. The *galunggang* is mentioned in the Buahan copper epigraph E, dated 1103 *Çāka* (1181 A.D.): see Van Stein Callenfels, "Epigraphia", 41.

II: LEGAL COMMUNITIES IN TĔNGANAN

1 Korn, *Adatrecht*, 84.

2 The *pusĕh* is the temple of origin for the *desa* as a whole. The *paibons* point towards a manner of worship such as is also to be found in some other *desas* of

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black velvet skull-caps mingle with Dutch officials in pith helmets and high starched collars, but the beautiful Balinese of steamship pamphlets are not to be seen anywhere. The people on the streets are ugly and unkempt, and instead of the much publicized beauties, there are only uninteresting women in not very clean blouses. The car drives through Singaradja, the capital, with its neat Dutch bungalows, its gasoline stations, and the house of the Resident, with its imposing driveway flanked by two monstrous cement snakes. Leaving the town, the car passes miserable villages and occasional gingerbread temples with tin roofs; it climbs the mountain side, the villages become more and more scarce, it grows colder and colder, and soon the tourist is shivering in a cloud of fog. He begins to suspect that he has been deceived. A few wild-looking people wrapped in blankets appear on the road riding on small ponies, and soon a double row of wooden shacks with more tin roofs announces Kintamani, the village on the rim of the crater of the Batur, where a beautiful view of the volcanoes has been promised. Ten chances to one it will be foggy and the tourist will see nothing, so he goes into the elaborate rest-house of the K.P.M. to have a drink and warm up.

Soon he is on the road again; the car winds and turns sharp curves down the mountain, the fog vanishes, and the air becomes warmer and clearer. Tropical vegetation reappears, and riding among tall palms and enormous banana trees, he enters Bangli, which is at last like the Bali of the photographs. With lessened suspicions, he rides through many beautiful villages and fantastic terraced ricefields covered with every shade of tender green. At a sharp curve a large tire sign indicates arrival at his destination — Den Pasar. His car drives noisily up to the Bali Hotel, pride of the K.P.M., and he is shown to a clean and sanitary room with a hospital bed through the middle of which, lengthwise, stretches a hard, round bolster, the so-called " Dutch wife." On the veranda of the hotel at tea time there are always pretty Balinese girls who sell curios, plainly junk, but they are not to blame. They have discovered that the tourists generally prefer hideous

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statuettes made by beginners or the gaudy weavings dyed with anilines to the fine old pieces of wood-carving or to the sumptuous ancient textiles that now rarely find their way into the curio market.

Den Pasar is a glorified Buleleng. In the great "alun-alun," the playground of Den Pasar, stolid Hollanders play tennis and drink beer near young Balinese playing soccer in striped sweatshirts, shorts, and spiked shoes. All around the square are the homes of the leading white residents, neat and bourgeois, small bungalows with enormous pink embroidered lampshades on every porch and well-kept front gardens of imported roses. The business street leading to the market consists, as in Buleleng, of the same squalid shops, provision stores, gasoline pumps, a small Chinese hotel, and curio stalls with mass-production "Balinese art," all kept by the same Chinese compradors, the same bearded Bombay merchants with eagle-like beaks, dressed like burlesque comedians in incongruous tall fezzes, embroidered slippers, pink sarongs, and European vests worn over shirts with tails out, bargaining excitedly with husky bare-breasted Balinese women.

After the first bewildering days, when we had recovered from the shock of such distressing impressions as these, we began to "discover" the real Bali. Only a block away from the square, on the dirt-paved lanes adjacent to the main avenues, where the peace is not broken by mad automobiles running over pigs and chickens, we found the typical mud walls of the compounds, the thatched gates protected by mysterious signs — a dead chicken nailed flat on a wall, or a little white flag inscribed with cabalistic symbols. These were the proper setting for the lithe brown-skinned women returning from market with baskets of fruit on their heads and for the men in loincloths sitting in groups around the baskets in which they kept their favourite fighting cocks. Energetic women thresh rice or bathe quite unconcerned in the ditch by the roadside, and serious naked children play in the middle of the street with a cricket they have just captured. From

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into the dye, so that the tied part remains uncoloured to produce the design. This is repeated with each colour, the part already dyed also protected by the fibre binding. When the threads are finally coloured and ready to be woven, the design of the weft is fitted exactly into the one on the warp, and a mistake spoils the work of years. Taking into consideration the laboriousness of the dyeing, the painstaking, difficult weaving, and the mystery that surrounds the secret process, it is easy to understand why the popular mind has endowed the *kamben gringsing* with such extraordinary powers. In Tenganan the scarfs are an essential part of ceremonial dress, and I-Tanggú told me that if he sold his he would lose his place in the village council. Only the finest scarfs are worn in Tenganan; imperfect ones or those in which the dyes fail to produce the required tones are sold to outsiders.

In North Bali, on the slopes of the Batur, above Tedjakula, is the Bali Aga village of Sembiran, where even the daily language is different from that of the rest of Bali. There, as in Tenganan, the "temple" is a group of rough stone altars surrounded by a neglected fence. It is hidden in the jungle near the edge of a deep ravine, a dangerous haunted place, where not even the people of Sembiran would venture alone. In Sembiran the dead are not buried; after washing the corpse, it is wrapped in new cloth, carried to the edge of the ravine, and deposited on a bamboo platform with offerings, consecrated water, and the belongings of the deceased. There it is left for three days; if, after that, it has not disappeared, this means that the spirits did not care to take it, so it is thrown unceremoniously into the ravine to be eaten by wild beasts.

There are many other mountain villages that have resisted the influence of Hinduism. Although not as extraordinary as Tenganan and Sembiran, they are equally conservative Bali Aga, like Trunyan on the shores of Lake Batur, where the largest statue in Bali is kept, that of Ratú Gedé Pantjering Djagat, powerful patron guardian of the village. There is Taro, the home of Kbó Iwá, a fearful giant of pre-Hindu days who was so great that there

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of banana leaf over them. When finished, the leaf dishes were simply thrown to the pigs; no dishes were left to wash. A *kendih* of water was passed around after the meal, each drinking in turn and at a distance from it, letting a continuous jet of water fall into the open mouth, the lips never touching the spout. (When we tried to drink like the Balinese we succeeded only in choking or drenching ourselves.) The mouth and fingers were rinsed, and after emitting a loud belch of satisfaction the men took a nap or went to the *balé bandjar* to chat before resuming work. Generally the women ate after the men were finished, then fed the pigs, and spent the rest of the afternoon weaving, threshing rice, or simply delousing each other, a great social pastime.

For a while it seemed as if the art of hand weaving would be wrecked by the ever increasing importation of foreign cloth. Chinese silk thread was hard to obtain, aniline dyes gave brighter hues and were infinitely easier to handle than the old vegetable dyes, and Japanese rayon for a few cents a yard looked almost like real silk. In later years, however, the affluence of tourists has increased the market for Balinese handicrafts and many women derive an income from selling garish brocades. On our second visit the women of our household took to weaving and every afternoon the characteristic rhythmic sounds of many looms came from all directions.

On the Balinese loom (*prabot tennun*) the warp is stretched between a heavy wooden structure (*tjetjaga* and *pendalan*) and a sort of yoke (*épor*) shaped like a Cupid's bow held by the woman's back. After the bamboo spindle (*tunda*) has gone through the warp, the weave is tightened with a long ruler (*belida*) of polished hard wood that slides over a bamboo drum (*pengrorogan*), while the threads are separated with a bamboo tube (*bungbunggan*) provided with little bells that jingle at every move. Thus the work is made easier by the rhythmical sequence of three sounds: the tinkling of the bells, the sound of the hollow bamboo as it is struck by the ruler, and the energetic double knock to tighten the weave. Weaving is the main

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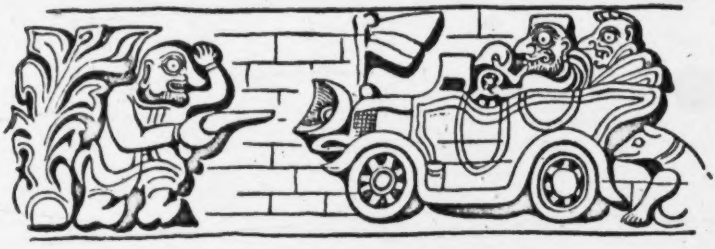
drinking beer; a soldier raping a girl; or a man on a bicycle with two great flowers for wheels. Fantastic pornographic subjects are always a source of hilarious comedy and in many temples in both North and South Bali such subjects are found as temple decorations. As if the mad tangle of stone vegetation were not enough, in North Bali they outline the decorations with white paint to make them even more conspicuous, and in villages like Babetin, Ringdikit, and Djagaraga the overpowering decoration



A Hold-up, a Temple Relief in Djagaraga

is painted in bright blue, red, and yellow, giving as a result the wildest and most unrestrained effects.

The art of wood-carving has suffered a curious transformation since our first visit to Bali in 1930. Then the majority of the objects carved in wood were made for utilitarian purposes: from carved doors and beams for houses, musical instruments, masks for dramatic shows, handles for implements, to little statues of deities and other ritual accessories. These were of the conventional contemporary Balinese style: flowers and curlicues in high relief for flat surfaces (*ukiran*), and for sculpture in the round (*togog*), statues of divinities, demons, and other characters of mythology dressed in classical attire and profusely ornamented. Furthermore, all wood-carvings were meant to be covered with paint, lacquer, or goldleaf and only in exceptional cases was the wood left in its raw state. There were unusual pieces, but they were freaks among the predominant styles.

Travellers had started to buy Balinese carvings, however, and

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on our return to Bali three years later, the Balinese sculptors were turning out mass-production "objets d'art" for tourists. Even before arriving in Bali for the second time, we found the curio-shops of Macassar and Java filled with statuettes of a decidedly commercial style which was totally new to us. Before this we had made acquaintance with Gusti Ngurah Gedé, an old man of Pemetjutan rated among the best sculptors of South Bali. Although Gusti Gedé was so old that he talked with difficulty,

Relief in the Temple of Kubutambahan

he could carve the most delicate motifs in hard wood with a precision and sureness envied by the younger sculptors. He had started to make realistic little statues of nude girls, bathing, combing their hair, or in the process of undressing, masterfully carved out of a fine-grained white wood, figures that found ready sale among travellers. This was perhaps the beginning of a new art in which the sculptor began working for a new public: tourists who had little appreciation of the technical perfection demanded by the Balinese, or foreign artists who preferred line and form to intricate ornamentation.

This necessarily introduced the mercenary element into Balinese art, until then non-existent; prices were boosted and the sculptor suddenly became aware that there was a good income in making statues. On the other hand, this same condition gave

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532 the art a new impulse, and sculptors sprang up like mushrooms.
422 Soon every important artistic centre, such as Den Pasar, Mas,
439 Batuan, Pliatan, and Ubud, was turning out quantities of carv-
443 ings in new styles, mediocre heads of *djanger* dancers snatched up by round-the-world tourists, stereotyped slim figures from Mas exported to Java and Holland; while the splendid sculptors from Badung and Batuan carved coconut shells from Bangli and so forth.

322 Gusti Gedé was also the master of a school of sculptors and
532 every morning boys from the town went to his house to re-
874 ceive lessons and to assist him. Some of his pupils were already fine carvers and could turn out statues almost as finished as those of the master. In his school we had the opportunity to observe the technique of wood-carving, which is considerably more refined and requires greater skill than the carvings in *parás* stone.

[824] Hard woods such as teak (*djatí*), jackfruit (*nangka*), and the compact *sawo*, a beautiful dark red wood, are invariably used and the sculptor must have a sure hand, trained by the experience of years, and a good knowledge of the art of cutting into the grain of the wood. He uses every conceivable form of knives,

[413] chisels, and gouges: round, straight, slanting, V-shaped, and so forth, some of which are intended for exceptionally deep carving. A complete set of tools consists of some thirty instruments and a wooden mallet. The carving technique consists in chipping bits of wood gradually with the highly sharpened instruments, not by hand pressure, as among us, but with light taps of the mallet, obtaining in this manner delicacy of touch and greater control over the material. If the statue is not to be painted or gilded, it is made smooth with pumice and given a high polish by rubbing it with bamboo.

532 *Painting:* Unlike the arts of the theatre, music, and sculpture, painting was little in evidence as a living art on our first visit to Bali. Outside of painting artifacts of daily use and scant decorations for temples, the Balinese made only paintings of two